for ſweet *Iacke Falſtaffe*, kind *Iacke Falſtaffe*, true *Iacke Falſtaffe*, valiant *Iacke Falſtaffe*, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is old *Iacke Falſtaffe*, baniſh not him thy *Harries* company, baniſh not him thy *Harries* company; baniſh plumpe *Iacke*, and baniſh all the world.

Prin. I doe, I will. *Enter Bardoll running.*

Bar. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sheriefe, with a moſt monſtrous Watch is at the dore.

Fal. Out you rogue, play out the Play: I haue much to ſay in the behalfe of that *Falſtaffe*.

Enter the Hoſteſſe.

Hoſ. O Ieſu, my Lord, my Lord!

Falſ. Heigh, heigh, the diuell rides vpon a Fiddle-ſticke, what's the matter?

Hoſ. The Sherife and all the Watch are at the dore, they are come to ſearch the Houſe, ſhall I let them in?

Falſ. Doſt thou heare *Hal?* neuer call a true peece of Gold a Counterfeit, thou art eſſentially made, without ſeeming ſo.

Prince. And thou a naturall Coward, without inſtinct.

Falſ. I deny your Maior; if you will deny the Sherife, ſo, if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I ſhall as ſoone be ſtrangled with a Halter as an other.

Prince. Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the reſt walke vp aboue. Now my Maſters, for a true Face and good Conſcience.

Falſ. Both which I haue had; but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide me.

Prin. Call in the Sherife.

Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

Prin. Now maiſter Sherife, what is your will with me?

Sher. Firſt, pardon me, my Lord. A hue and cry hath followed certaine men vnto this houſe.

Prince. What men?

Sher. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a groſſe fat man.

Car. As fat as Butter.

Prin. The man, I do aſſure you is not heere,
For I my ſelfe at this time haue employed him:

And

And Sherife, I will ingage my
That I will by to morrow din
Send him to anſwere thee or a
For any thing he ſhall be char
And ſo let me intreate you lea

Sher. I will my Lord, there
Haue in this robbery loſt 300

Prince. It may be ſo: if he
He ſhalbe anſwerable: and ſo

Sher. Good night, my nob

Prin. I thinke it is good m

Sher. Indeed my Lord, I t

Prince. This oyly raſcall i
him forth.

Peto. Falſtaffe? faſt aſleep
like a horſe.

Prin. Harke how hard he f

He ſearcheth his pocket.

Prince. What haſt thou fo

Peto. Nothing but papers,

Prince. Lets ſee what be th
Item a Capon
Item ſawce
Item, Sacke, two gallons.
Item Anchoues and Sacke aft
Item bread.

O monſtrous, but one half
rable deale of Sacke. what th
it at more aduantage: there le
in the morning. We muſt al
honourable. Ile procure this
know his death will be a mat
be payed backe againe with a
the morning, and ſo good m

Peto. Good morrow, good

Enter Hotſpur, Wo
Owen G

Mor. Theſe promiſes are

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